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OVER THE HILL FROM THE POOR-HOUSE. A Sequel to "Over the Hill to the Poor-House."

Choice Loetry.

BY WILL M. CARLETON I. who was always counted, they say,
Rather a had stick any way,
Splintered all over with dodges an' tricks.
Known as "the worst of the Deacon's six;"
I. the trunnt, saucy and bold.
The one black sheep in my father's fold,
"Once on a time," as the stories say,
West over the hill so a Winter's day—
Over the hill to the poor-house.

Tom could save what twenty could earn:
But pieca, was somethin' he never would learn:
Lanac could half o' the Scriptur's speak—
Committed a hundred versea a week;
Never forgot an 'never slipped;
But, 'Home thy father an 'mother' he skipped;
So over the hill to the poor house.

As for Susan, her heart was kind As for Susan, her heart was kind
An 'good-what there was of it, mind:
Nothin' too big, an' nothin' too nice,
Nothin' she wouldn't sacrifice
For one abe loved; an 'that 'ere one
Was herself, when all was said an' done.
An 'Charley an 'Becca meant well, no doubt,
But any one could pull 'em about.

Au' all our folks ranked well, you see, Save one poor fellow, an' that was me; An' when, one dark an' rainy night.
A neighbor's horse went out o' sight. They pitched on me as the guilty chap That carried one end o' the halter strap; An' I think, myself; that view o' the case Wasn't altogether out o' place. My mother denied it, as mothers do, But I am inclined to believe 'twas true; Though for me one thing might be said—That I, as well as the horse, was led; An' the worst of whiskey spurred me on, Or else the deed would have never been done, But the keenest grief I ever felt, Was when my mother beside me knelt, An' cried an 'prayed, 'till I melted down. I kinseel her fondly, then an' there.

An' a word henceforth to be honest an' square.

I served my sentence—a bitter pill
Some fellows should take who never will;
An them I decided to go "out West.
Concludin" twould sait my health the best;
Where, how I prospered I never could tell,
But fortune seemed to like me well,
An somehow, every yolu I struck
Was always bubblin' over with luck.
An better than that, I was steady an' true,
An und my good resolutions through An 'not my good resolutions through.
But I wrote to a trusty old neighbor, an' said,
"You tell 'em, old fellow, that I am dead,
An' died a Christian: 'twill please 'em more,
Than if I had lived the same as before."

But when this neighbor he wrote to me, But when this neighbor he wrote to me, "Your methet's in the poor-house," axys he. I had a recurrection straightway.

An started for her that very day;

An when I arrived where I was grown,
I took good care that I shouldn't be known.
But I benght the old cottage, through an't to
Of some one Charley had sold it to;

An'held back reither work nor gold.
To fix it up as it was of old.
The same big fire place, wide an'high,
Flung up its cinders howard the sky;
The old clock ticked on the corner shelf—
I wound it an set it agoin, myself.
An'if everything wasn't just the same.
Neither I nor money was to blame.

Then—over the hill to the poor house.

Oue blowin', blusterin' Winter's day One blowin, binaterin Winter's day,
With a train an cutter I started away;
My flery mags was as black as coal;
(They some at resembled the horse I stole);
I hitched, an entered the poor-house doorA poor old woman was scrubbin' the floor;
She rose to her feet in great surprise,
And looked, quite startled, into my eyes;
I saw the whole of her troubles' trace
In the lines that marred her dear old face;
"Mother!" I shouted, "your sorrows is done!
You're adopted along o' your horse-thief son;
Come over the hill from the poor-house."

She didn't faint; she kneit by my side. An' thanked the Lord 'till I fairly cried. An' maybe our ride wasn't pleasant an' gay, An' maybe she wasn't wrapped up that day; An' maybe our cottage wasn't warm an' bright. To see her a gettin' the eveniu's tea, An' frequently stoppin' an' kissin' me; An' maybe we didn't live happy for ye In spite of my brothers' an sisters' sm Who often said, as I have heard,

But I've learned one thing-on' it cheers a man hat I've learned one toing—an it canera in always a doin the best he can:
That whether on the big book a blot
Geta over a fellow's name or not.
Whenever he does a deed that's white,
It's credited to him fair an 'right.
An 'when you hear the great bugle's notes,
An 'the Lord divides His sheep an 'goats;
Harvest they may settle my case. However they may settle my case, Wherever they may fix my place, My good old Christian mother, you'll see good old Christian mother, you it see.
I be sure to stand right up for me,
With over the hill from the poor house

Select Storn.

THE STORY OF A HUNTER.

[The reader will bear in mind that this story was told by the old hunter about forty years was told by the old indice about forly years
ago, which will make the date of the adventure
about the beginning of the present century.]
About thirty-five years ago I moved into the
western part of New York, which was then nearly a wilderness, no settlements having been
made excepting in a few places on the borders
of the lake. I arrived in the Spring of the year, and commenced clearing the farm I now occupy By the Fall, I had built a good log house, and temporary stable for my cattle-had put into the ground ten acres of wheat, and looked forward to the ensuing year for the rewards of my labors. My wife and child (for I was married) were all my family—neighbors there were none nearer than five or six miles, so that visiting or nearer than five or six miles, so that visiting or amusements were almost out of the question. You may therefore suppose that on the approach of a long northern winter, I had ample time to gratify my love of hunting, for which I have al-ways had a great fondness. Winter had set in early, and all my cares were confined to keeping a sufficient stock of wood on hand for fuel-which you may imagine was not difficult, when the trees stood at my door-and taking care of the few cattle I was then owner of. It was one the lew callie I was then owner of. It was one day, I think in the fore part of December, when having finished my morning's work, I took down my gun, the same that now stands in the bar, and told my wife that I would, on my return, please her with the sight of a fat deer. Deer are, even now, very pleaty in this part of the country, but then they were much more so, so that there was little merit or difficulty in achiev-

ing what I had promised.

I took my departure about a north west course from my cabin, which led direct into the forest. The snow was about a foot deep, and the wind blowing bard from the north, it drifted much in the openings, yet this I thought was in my favor, as the noise made by the wind among the trees prevented the game from hearing my approach in "still hunting." But I was mistaken in my calculations, for I had travelled five or six miles from home, and had not got a shot at a single deer, though I had seen numbers of them, but they were always on the rim, and at too great a distance, and all the tracks I saw showed that they had scarcely walked during the day. I was then a young hunter, but I have since learnt that this animal is always on the move, and generally runs throughout windy days, probably from the apprehension of danger from wolves, which follow its seent through the snow.

At length I arrived at a large cedar swamp, the openings, yet this I thought was in my fa At length I arrived at a large cedar swamp, at length I arrived at a large cedar swamp, the edge of which I was struck by the appearon the edge of which I was struck by the appearance of a large stab, twenty-five or thirty feet high, with its bark off. From its scratched surface, I had no doubt it was climbed by raccoons or martens, which probably had a den in it, as from its appearance, I judged it was hollow. The stub, at its base, might have been seven or light for through but sight or ten feet higher The stub, at its base, might have been seven or eight feet through, but eight or ten feet higher up its size was much diminished, so that I could grasp sufficiently to ascend it, and ascertain what was within. My gun and great coat were deposited in a secure place, and, being an expert climber, I soon gained the top. As I anticipated, I found the stub was hollow, the aperture being about two and a half feet in diameter. The day, you will observe, was dark and cloudy, and, looking down the hollow, I fancied I could see the bottom at no great distance, but having see the bottom at no great distance, but having nothing to put in to ascertain its depth, I con-cluded I would try to touch the bottom with my feet. I therefore placed myself in the hole, low-

ered myself gradually, expecting every moment my feet would come in contact with some animal at the foot of the hollow, but feeling nothing. I unthinkingly continued letting myself down, until my head and hands and my whole were completely within the centre of the

At this moment, a sudden and strange fea At this moment, a sudden and strange fear came over me, I know not from what cause, for I am not naturally timid. It seemed to affect me with a sense of suffocation, such as is expe-rienced in dreams under the nightmare. Ren-dered desperate by my feelings, I made a violent attempt to extricate myself, when the edges of the wood to which I was holding on, treacheronely gave way, and precipitated me to the bot-tom of the hole, which I found extended to the level with the ground. I cannot wholly account for it, but probably from the erect position in which my body was necessarily kept in so nar-row a tube, and my landing on a bed of moss, dried leaves, and other substances, I suffered lit-the or no injury from secreta a fall, nor were dried leaves, and other substances, I suffered lit-tle or no injury from so great a fall, nor were my clothes but little derauged in my descent, notwithstanding the straitness of the passage, owing to the smoothness of the surface, from long use by the animals ascending and descend-ing to and from their den—for a den I found it

After my fright, I had time to examine the in terior—all was dark, and putting out my hands to feel my way, they came in contact with the cold nose of some beast, and then with the fur, which I immediately knew was that of a grown cub or young bear. Continuing to examine, I ascertained that there were three or four of those animals, which aroused by the noise made in my descent, came round and smelt of me, nttering a mouning noise, taking me at first, no doubt, for their dam, but, after a little examination, snuffing and snorting as if alarmed, then quietly betook themselves to their couches on the moss, and left me to my own troubled and gloomy reflections. I knew they were too young to do meany injury, but with that knowl-edge came the dreadful certainty that the mother, whose premises I had so heedlessly invaded, was quite a different personage, and that my life would date but a short period after she arrived, as arrive she certainly would, before many hours could pass over my head.

The interior of the den became more visible

after my eyes were accustomed to the darkness, and aided by a little light from the top, I discovered that the den was circular, and on the ground was six feet in diameter, its circumference diminishing at the height of seven or eight feet, to a diameter of less than three, owing to the singular formation of the trunk, as I have before remarked. All my attempts to reach the narrow part of the hollow, in the hopes of work-ing my way out, as achimics sweep might have done, if that had been practical, were fruitless. My escape in this way was therefore impossible. To cut through the trunk a hole sufficient to let my body out, with a small pocket knife, the only one I had, would have been the work of, weeks, and even months, as from the examina-tion I had made of both the exterior and interior, I knew that it could not be less than a foot thick. The knife was the only weapon I possessed, and one hug of my tremendons adversary would deprive me of the power to use even so contemptible an implement; and even if I succeeded in killing the bear—which was not to succeeded in killing the bear—which was not to be expected—my case was equally hopeless, for I should then only exchange a sudden death for one, if possible, even more horrid, a lingering one of famine and thirst—for my tracks in the snow I knew were long since covered by the drifts, and there was no possibility of my friends find-

ing me, by searching in a wilderness of many miles in circuit. My situation was indeed hopeless and desper-ate. I thought of my cheerful home, my wife seated by the fire, with our child in her arms, or preparing our evening meal, looking out anxiously from time to time, expecting my return, for the shades of evening were fast approaching. These and many more such things rushed through my mind, and which way soever they were, turned, you may suppose they were teeming with horror. At one time I had nearly determined to wreak my feelings upon the cubs, by destroying them, but the wanton and useless cruelty of the act-as they could be of no serv ice to me then—prevented me. Yes, I would be merciful. Oh! you know not how merciful one is when he feels he would willingly himself be

an object of mercy from others. Two hours had probably pass Two hours had probably passed, and to me two of the longest I everexperienced, when sud-denly the little light which had illuminated the gloom of the den from above was gone. I look ed up, and could no longer see the sky. My ed up, and could no longer see the sky. My ears, which at that moment were peculiarly sen-sitive, were assailed with a low growling noise, such as a bear makes on discovering an enemy, and preparing for an attack. At once I was aware that my fate was at hand, as this was the aware that my late was at hand, as this was the mother descending to her cubs, having, by her acute organs of smelling, discovered that her den had been cutered by some enemy. From the time I had ascertained my true situation, I had opened my knife, and held it ready in hand for the encounter, come when it would. I now therefore braced myself for a death grapple

Bears always descend in the same manner they Bearsalways descend in the same manufacture, ascend trees, that is, their heads are always upwards, consequently her most assailable, or rather her least formidable part, was opposed to me. A thought as quick as light rushed through my mind, that escape was possible, and that the bear might furnish the means. No time could be afforded, nor was necessary for deliberation.

Just as she had reached that part where the hollow widened, and by a jump I could reach her, I made a desperate spring, and caught hold firmly with both hands of the fur which covered her extremities, giving at the same time a scream which in this close den sounded a thousan times londer than any human voice in the open air. The bear—and she was a powerful one-taken by surprise, and anable to get at me, and frightened too at the hidious and appalling noise I made, scrambled for life up the hollow. But my weight, I found, was no small impediment to her, for when about half way up, I perceived she began to lag, and, not withstanding my con she began to lag, and, notwithstanding my con-tinued screaming, at length came to a dead stand, apparently not having strength to pro-ceed. Knowing my life depended on her going on, I instantly let go with the hand in which I held the knife, driving it to the haft into her flesh, and redoubling the noise I had already made. The pain and her fears gave her new strength and he aparther effect she brought me strength, and by another effort she brought me once more to the light of day, at the top of the stub; nor did she stop there to receive my thanks for the benefit she had conferred on me, but hastily descended to the ground, and made all speed for the swamp. I sat for some time on the stub out of breath, and hardly crediting th reality of my miraculous escape. After giving thanks to that Providence which had so wonderfully preserved me, I descended to the ground, found my coat and gan where I had left them, and reached home after a fatiguing walk through the woods, about nine o'clock in the

Fitty Spoken.

Every editor and publisher of a newspaper will recognize the causes which brought the fol-owing, which we take occasion to extract from the manifesto of the Missouri press association: A newspaper office is a business establishment by which the editors and printers must make a living. A man has the same right to walk into a grocery store and order a barrel of sugar or a sack of coffe, or into a law office and demand a legal opinion from its occupant, or into an un-dertaker's and request a coffin, without expecting to pay for their respective wares or services, as into a newspaper office and demand the use of its brain and muscle and type, without a thought of recompense. Hereafter, all personal or political matter having for its object the promotion of individual fortunes or ambition, shall be treated exactly as other havings matter matter. be treated exactly as other business matter, and charged at the option of the publishers as editorial advertising. Dead-beating-political, per-sonal or commercial—on the Missouri press, is "played out."

THE vine clings to the tree when its trunk is sturdy with sap, and its branches are full of leaves and nests, and it clings to it also when it is only a jagged stomp, riven and shattered by

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1876.

Miscellany. PRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

When Friendship, Love and Truth abound,
Among a band of brothers.
The their joy goes gally round,
Each shares the biles of others.
Sweet roses grace the thorny way,
Along the vale of sorrow:
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day,
Shall bloom again to-morrow.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy Friendship, Love and Truth.

On haleyon wings our moments pass On haleyon wings our moments pass.
Life's cruel cares beguiling;
Old Time lays down his scythe and glass
In gay good humor smiling.
With ermined head and forelock gray,
His rev'rend front adorning;
He looks like Winter turned to May,
Night softened into morning.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy Friendship, Love and Truth.

From these delightful fountains flow Ambrosial rills of pleasure; Can man desire, or Heaven bestow, A ...ore respieudent treasure l' Adorned with gema so richly bright, We'll form a constellation. We'll form a constellation, Where every star with modest light Shall guide its proper station. How grand in age, how fair in youth, Are holy Friendship, Love and Truth.

CAIN'S WIFE.

If people do not ask questions, how shall they get information? Even if it be only enriosity that prompts the question, an answer may sometimes do good. We don't suppose any human being cares who Cain's wife was for any practical reason. There is no Anneke Jans' estate, we presume, as dependent on it—no title of nobility that any one would be likely to covet.

But then in a village where people are not so much in a hurry but that they can sit down and discuss a matter, many queer questions come up. Here is one of them, which has been on our hands a year, but it is not like to spoil in a few months, and so here it is:

DEC. 17th, 1869. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher-Dear Sir: Pleas inform me, through the columns of the New York Ledger, who Cain's wife was, and oblige A READER OF THE LEDGER.

There is no record of Cain's courtship or wedding. However interesting to the parties them-selves, it is of no interest to us, except upon the supposition that any people had been created. If Adam and Eve were the sole progenitors of the race, then Cain and Abel, it is inferred, must have married their own sisters—a connection which is shocking to the sensibilities of the whole race, at a subsequent stage of development.

But many of the Fathers of the church denied But many of the Fathers of the church denied that Adam and Eve, and their children, were the only people on the globe. They affirmed that the text in Genesis very plainly implies that there were other inhabitants besides Adam's family. They allege that verse 14 of chapter 4 of Genesis, very plainly implies that the earth was already widely populated; for when God declared that Cain should be driven out from his family and made a vacabond in the earth. Cain family and made a vagabond in the earth, Cain deprecated the sentence, and plead that "every one that findeth me shall slay me." It was plainly not his family connections that he feared, for he desired not to be driven forth from them. It was the people he should meet when a wan-der on the earth. Who, then, were these people whom Cain feared to meet when he should have gone forth into the face of the earth? It is also reasoned by scholars that the most natural method of soothing his fears would have

been to tell him: "There are no other people up-on the earth except your father's children." In-stead of that, the Lord is represented as falling in with Cain's impression respecting the popula-tion of the world, and that He set a mark apon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him, (Gen. 4, 15.) Still further, it is said that Cain separating himself from his kindred, went to the land of Nod, east of Edom, "and he builded a city, and called the name of the city after the name of his son Enoch." The Fathers very pertinently ask-ed: Where did the people come from who lived in this city! That would be an extraordinary state of things which would have enabled Cain to fill up a city, however small, with his own children! And it is inferred, therefore, that there were other people in the land besides the im-mediate posterity of Adam. If Adam was the only progenitor, Cain must have married his sister. If there were any other lines of people, other Adams, as it were, then Cain might have mar-

We do not express any judgment in the matter. We give our correspondent the opinions that have been held in the early days of the church, but with the statement that almost all modern Christian writers have rejected them.

But as the origin of the races has, in our day assumed an important scientific developme and as very many scientists hold to a variety original race stocks, it is interesting to know that those views have been held before, and up-

on supposed Biblical grounds.

But are there no more questions about Cain!

Does nobody wish to know his wife's name! Does no one wish to know what the mark was which the Lord affixed upon Cain? Does no one wish to know how Cain died? Questions must be scarce to leave such points untouched. If Cain is to be raised, he surely ought to be thor-oughly dealt with.—Beecher in N. Y. Ledger.

Seeing the Chips Fly.

Some years ago, a young New Englander found himself in the back part of Pennsylvania, ashore as to the means of living. In this strait he ap-plied to a wealthy Quaker in the neighborhood

for help.
"I will furnish thee with work, and will pay thee for it, friend," said the Quaker; "but it is not my custom to give alms to one that is able to la-

"of course, I'm willing to work."
"What can thee do, friend?"
"I will do anything to get a little money to
help me ont of my difficulties." "Well, there's a log yonder, and there's an axe. Thee may pound on the log with the head of the axe, and if thee is diligent and faithful, I will pay thee a dollar a day."

"Agreed, I'd as soon do that as anything else."

And so the youth went to work, and pounded lustily with the head of the axe upon the log. After a little time he paused to take breath, then he begin again. After a little time.

he began again.

But after an hour he stopped, threw down the axe impatiently, and walked away, saying: "I'll be hanged if I'll cut wood without seeing the

KERP the birthdays religiously. They belong exclusively to, and are treasured among the sweetest memories of home. Do not let any-thing prevent some token, he it ever so slight, to show that it is remembered. Birthdays are great events to children. For one day they feel they are heroes. The special puddings are made expressly for them; a new jacket, tronsers with pockets, or the first pair of boats is donned, and big brothers and sisters sink into insignificance beside little Charloy, who is six to-day, and is soon going to be a man. Fathers who have a half dozen little ones to care for are apt to for-get birthdays—they come too often. Sometimes they are too busy, and sometimes they are both-ered; but if they only knew how much such souvenirs are cherished by their children, years afterward, when, away from the hearthstone afterward, when, away from the hearthstone, they have none to remind them they have added one more year to their perhaps weary round of life, or to wish them in the good, old fashioned phrase, "many happy returns of their birthday, they would never permit any cause to step i between them and a parent's privilege.

Among the plants of Guinea, one of the most curious is a caunon-ball tree. It grows to the height of sixty feet, and its flowers are remark-able for beauty and fragrance, being a beautiful crimson, appearing in large banches, and exhal-ing a rich perfame. The fruit resembles large cannon-balls; hence the name. However, some say it has been so called because of the noise

It is the most remarkable thing of modern times that the Boston Post has never thought to speak of the dog as a k 9.

OLD TOWNSEND'S WALK AND CON-

A Story for Little Children.

BY JOHN QUILL.

Once upon a time there was a very good and noble, and efficient association, styled the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and this society had many first-rate men belonging to it; but, unfortunately, it numbered among its members, a perfectly absurd old customer by the name of Townsend, who had such a mania on the subject of humanity to dumb brutes, that he didn't care a particle what happened to human beings, so that his pet beasts that perish he didn't care a particle what happened to him man beings, so that his pet beasts that perish were comfortable and feeling first-rate. And old Townsend had several children, with whom he used to stroll around the country, while he taught them the benevolent principles of which he was

them the benevolent principles of which he was an advocate.

So, one fine morning, this utterly insipid old Townsend took off his spectacles, and led his off-spring forth to give them a few lessons. As he walked along, he entertained them with a few good gags, such as this:

"My children," said old Townsend, "always bear in mind that the poor dumb animals who are our servants and companions here on earth, are entitled to kind and gentle treatment, and be sure that any cruelty ursetierd towards them are entitled to kind and gentle treatment, and be sure that any cruelty practiced towards them will bring retribution on the head of him who does it. Oh! my dear children, once I knew a bad boy whose name was Jim McGrath, and Jim he went one day and climbed over farmer Jones' fence, and barked up an apple tree, without a pang of remorse, until farmer Jenes saw him, and sand thus note lies McGrath. and thus unto Jim McGrath:

me down out of that the "No I won't, either," said this here scandalons

"Come down, I say."
"And get licked!" Haw, I guess not," said this

"Then farmer Jones whistled to his kind and gentle bull dog, and said, 'watch him, Tige,' and Tige sat down at the foot of the tree, and kept there like he had grown out of the earth, and never budged an inch. And this abandoned Jim McGrath, instead of coming down out that tree, and letting this good and faithful dog grab a mouthful out of him and go quietly home, sat up there all night on a limb, and kept poor Tige out in the cold, without food, and far away from the warm fire; and then, in the morning, when Tige went away for a little while, to get something to eat, this cruel boy slid down and over the fence, and suddenly disappeared, and disappointed the poor animal so much when he came back, that he went mad and bit a poor innocent ox in the leg. Oh! will not Jim McGrath be punished some day? A youth thus begun will certainly end upon the gallows.

"So, recollect, dear children, never to annoy these belpless brutes. I have often thought how very sad it must have been for those gentle lious very sad it must have been for those gentle lious in the den when Daniel was dropped in among them. How dreadful they must have felt, to go suifling around him, and thinking how good he would taste, and then never be able to have so much as a single solitary small chunk out of the calf of Daniel's leg. It must have been a severe trial to them, dear children, and it should teach us self-denial."

"O! look there." said Wm. Henry, pointing to a man beating a mule, "isn't that awful !"

a man beating a mule, "isn't that awful?"
"Yes, my dear boy," said old Townsend, "it is, indeed. Never do you beat a mule in that sinful way. Do as I dol once, when my mule stood stock still, and refused to come along. I could not find it in my heart to beat him, so I drove a stake in the ground and tied him to it, and let him stand there a week at the end of which time his ribs looked as if he had gorged himself with a spiral spring, and he never stopped again after that."

"Why, papa?" asked John Jacob. "Because he immediately died," said old Towns-end. "And once I had a dog who ate up several sheep, and I determined to kill him. And as my man led him past, on his way to execution, the old pup slung his tail around in such an agoniz-ing way, and gave measuch a look of unnuterable affection, that I brandished my old handanna, and wept scalding tears of bitter anguish. I could not kill him. So I went and got a grain bag, and tied him up in it till be was nearly suffocat-ed; and then I laid him on the ground, and drove several flocks of sheep and a large herd of cattle over him. But it taught him a lesson, for he never cared for mutten afterwards. Indeed, he died next day. But how much better it was to

"But let us sit on this worm fence, while I tell you of a vile wretch named Jake Lanigan." Is it not wrong to sit on a worm fence !" ask-"So it is, my child; I am glad you are so conscientions. We will sit upon the grass, but be careful you do not mangle any lovely little auts

deal with him thus kindly, than to butcher his

careful you do not mangie any lovely fractions or straddle-bugs.

"This Jake Lanigan he sinfully went a-fishing, and he caught a whole mess of innocent cuttles, which hung in agony on a string; but after a while a sturgeon bit at his hook and jerked him overboard, and he was very deservedly drowned, and all the fish in that vicinity lived high on Jake and all the fish in that vicinity lived high on Jake

Lanigan for a week, you can just bet."
"Served him right, too," said John Jacob.
"They ought to have eaten him alive," said

Wm. Henry "Ab, my children, wickedness is wide spread.
once read of a deprayed boy out in Afighanistan, who laid down to sleep one day under a tre and when he woke up a large boa-constrictor had licked him all over and swallowed both his legs neked him all over and swallowed both his legs in to the knees; apparently, he was enjoying himself, and having a gay and festive time. But what did this utterly immoral boy do? Why, instead of sitting there quietly and letting that poor brute satisfy the cravings of his appetite. he whipped ont his legs and ran, and the poor snake lay there writhing, not only sick at his stomach, but nearly starved to death for want of

its daily sustenance.

"What a sad, sad disappointment it must have been for that melaneholy old reptile.

"But hasten to the result. Retribution is sure

to come, sooner or later, dear children, and the very next day after this profligate boy did this cruel deed, his father was killed by a coal-oil explosion, and his Aunt Sarah was stricken down the liver complaint.
"Thus is crime ever punished,"

"What a perfect outrage," said Wm. Henry "I would like to tear his heart out, ' ejaculated

"And there was Smith, who used to live next door to me; he went out gunning one day, in-tending to kill the merry little blackbirds, which; he said, ate his nucle's corn. But at the first fire his gun kicked him back over a precipice a hun-dred and fifty feet high, and made him a cripple for life, and he never hit a solitary bird. Don't you rejoice, my dear children, that those gentle birds were thus mysteriously avenged !"
"O, yes, we do, we guess," said the boys, to-

While they were thus speaking, a v came running down the road, with a mad buil prancing after her. "Stand aside," said old Townsend, "let us give

the animal a fair chance. How noble in his mein; how lordlike his aspect. Observe the graceful manner in which he slings his tail around; and the wretch of a woman won't stop to let his give her a friendly toss or two on his horns. Oh! how deprayed, how utterly brutal, dear children, is human nature. And now she is actually climbing over the fence, to rob him of his innocent pastime. It seems to me that we had better swarm over the fence, too, for in his wrath be may perchance come this way."

But old Townsend hadn't more than got his

foot np, before the bull took him on his horns, and lifted him about thirty feet, and he fell on the other side.
Old Townsend looked mad. He felt precisely Old Townseld notes that. He let persons his indignation, and venting his rage by brandishing his nmbrella at the aniual, he picked himself up "We will discourse no more, I think, upon this

HOW TO MAKE A THIEF.-Hire clerks for two hundred dollars a year, and insist on their keep-ing well dressed. This recipe has never been

A FRIEND that you have to buy won't be worth what you pay for Lim-no matter how little that pretty plain terms, the consequence of injustice.

—Sidney Smith.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY

[The following amousing tale by the poet Southey is sunded on an old popular tradition in in Cornwall.] A well there is in the West countrie And a clearer one never was seen; There is not a wife in the West countrie But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,

And besind does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above

Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Kerne.
And pleasant it was to his eye.
For from the cock-crow he had been travelling.
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the waters so cool and clear, For thirsty and hot was he; And he aat him down on the grassy bank, Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighboring town, At the well to fill his pail; By the well-side he rested it down, And bade the stranger hall. "Now art thou a bachelor, stranger I" quoth he,

Or, if thou hast a wife.

The happiest draught thou hast drank this day.

That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good weman, if one you have, In Cornwall ever been? For and if she has, I'll venture my life, She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

"I left a good woman who never was here." The stranger he made reply; "But what my draught should be better for that, I pray thee answer me why!" "St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many a time Drank of this crystal well; And before the angel summonned her, She laid on its waters a spell.

"If the husband, of this gifted well. Shall drink before his wife, A happy man thenceforth is he, For be shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first, Alas for the husband then!" The traveller stoaped to the well of St. Keyne, And drank of its waters again.

"You drank of the water, I warrant, betimes," He to the country man said; But the country man sailed as the stranger spoke, And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened as soon as the wedding was o'er. And left my good wife in the porch: But faith! she had been wiser than I. For she took a bottle to church!"

HOW DEACON BROWN FELL.

In Sangamon County, Illinois, lived Deacon Brown, a very staid, dignified sort of Christian and a perfect model of propriety. Deacon Brown had the misfortune to lose his wife, and at the age of forty, found himself with a fortune and our small children, without a mistress to his farm-house. As he could not immediatly take another wife and escape scandal, and could not get along without some one to take charge of the kitchen and nursery, he had recourse to employ-ing a young woman as house-maid. Nancy Stearns was a laughing, romping beauty, who delighted in experimenting on the Deacon, by way of testing the strength of human nature; but at last, in a moment of unguarded weakness, he was led into temptation, into committing a slight indiscretion with his beautiful house-maid. When, in his wouted coolness and presence of mind, he was horrified at the enormity of his sin, in vain he repented, and grieved over lost virtue. Finally, as a last resort for easing his conscience, at the conclusion of service on the following Sabbath morning, he arose and requested the for-bearance of the brethren and sisters a few min-ntes, when he electrified them by making the following confession: "My Christian friends, you all know that I lost my dear wife some time ago, (sols and tears,) and that Naucy Stearns has been keeping house for me; and you know that I have a child not a year old. Well, that little child would ery in the night, and it wou long time before I could quiet it; and last Thursday night-God forgive me-the child cried so hard that Nancy arose and came into the room and leaned over the bed to hush the child; and brothers and sisters, her leaning over me made me forget Christ." Hereupon the wothy Deacon broke down entirely, and stood weeping, wailing, and blowing his nose. "What did you do?" sternly demanded the minister. "I-I-ki-ki-kissed her!" stamered out the Deacon, between kissed her!" stamered out the Deacon, between his sobs; "but I have been very sorry about it, and prayed to be forgiven; and I want you to forgive and pray for me, brothers and sisters." As the Deacon bowed himself upon his seat, like the mighty oak before the tornado, Deacon Good-fellow arose, and astonished the andience still more, by saying: "Brothers and sisters, you have heard what Brother Brown has said, and now he wants our forgiveness. For my own part, think Brother Brown is truly penitent, and I am willing to forgive him, with my whole heart.

And, brothers and sisters. I will add still further,
that if I had no wife, and a pretty girl like Nancy Stearns should come to my room and lean over ie. I'd kiss her, and abide the consequence

An editor out West thus talks to his non-pay ing subscribers and patrons. If this appeal does not bring in the "pewter," we think he need nev-er dan the second time. Our delinquents will not of course think that we intend to hit them, by copying the article, although we have no ob jection to their reading if they wish:

Friends. Patrons, Subscribers and Advertisers:
Hear us for our debts, and get ready that you
may pay; trust us we are in need—and have regard for our need, for you have long been trusted; acknowledge your indebtedness, and dive
into your pockets, that you may promptly fork
over. If there he any among you—one single over. If there be any among you—one single patron—that don't owe us something, then to him we say, step inside—consider yourself a gen-tleman. If the rest wish to know why we dun

him we say, step inside—consider yourself a gentleman. If the rest wish to know why we dun
them, this is our answer: Not that we care about
cash ourselves, but our creditors do.
Would you rather that we go to jail, and you
go free, than you all pay your debts, and we all
keep moving? As we have agreed, we have
worked for you; as we contracted, we have furnished our paper to you; but as you don't pay,
we dun you? Here are agreements for job work,
contracts for subscriptions, promises of long
credits, and duns for deferred payment. Who is
there so mean that he don't take a paper? If
any, he need'nt speak—we don't mean him. Who
is there so green that he don't advertise? If
any, let him slide—he ain't the chap, either.
Who is there so lad that he don't pay the printer? If any, let him shout—for he's the man we're
after. His name is Legion. He has been owing
us for one, two or three years—long enough to
make us poor and himself rich, at our expense.
If the above appeal to his conscience doesn't
awake him to a sense of justice, we shall have If the above appeal to his conscience doesn' awake him to a sense of justice, we shall hav to try the law, and see what virtue there is in

THE month of December has been "big with fate" to the Napoleon family. The career of the uncle of the late ruler of France may be traced uncle of the late ruler of France may be traced through it with extraordinary eventuality. In December, 1799, he was made first consul. In December, 1800, he escaped the infernal machine. In December, 1805, the was crowned Emperor. In December, 1805, "the sun of Austerlitz went down." In December, 1809, he was divorced from Josephine. In December, 1812, the campaign of Russia was undertaken. In December, 1818, the empire fell. In December, 1840, Napo paign of Russia was undertaken. In December 1818, the empire fell. In December, 1840, Napo-leon's remains were brought to France. In De-cember, 1848, his nephew was elected to the Pres-idency; and in December, 1851, was made that famous cosp d etat which has astonished the world.

Dr. Haves found mosquitoes in the Arctic regions "more vicious" than elsewhere. People generally suppose that these dreaded insects de not exist in the high latitudes. Audubon wrote of that region: "Mosquitoes in profusion, plants blooming by millions, and at every step you tread on flowers, such as would be locked on in mote temperate climates with pleasure." In fact. more temperate climates with pleasure." In fac-no portion of the earth is "left out in the cole entirely.

THE only way to make the mass of manking

"HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS."

The following rare and unique production in the way of sermonizing, chanced to come into our possession a short time ago, together with some of the attendant circumstances which accompanied its delivery. The locality of this apostolic effort was the small village of Waterproof, on the Mississippi, in the adjoining State of Louisiana. Our readers used not hastily inferfrom the name that Waterproof was a locality on the Father of Waters high and dry under all circumstances, for the general impression is that it was overflowed once at the time of Nosh's deluge, and the oldest inhabitant has some distinct recollections of sundry times, even in the present

nge, and the oldest inhabitant has some distinct recollections of sundry times, even in the present century, "when through the deep waters their paths did lie." Though Waterproof may have been, from these circumstances, thought to be a part of the territory commonly called the low grounds of sorrow and iniquity, if not entirely gospel-proof, there is no question that it might be denominated a rather hard place, at least morally speaking and if morally speaking; and if not specially named and embraced in the provisions of the Northern Benevolent Society to furnish gospet privileges to the South, as part of the theatre of its opera-tions, it may truly and emphatically be said to be a part of the Lord's moral vineyard where the pruning knife of the gospel had not lopped off the rank and luxuriant shoots of sin and wicked-ness. In proof of this, we need no higher evidence of these facts than that there had not been a "sarmint" preached in the place for half a-dozen years. It is, therefore, not a matter of surprise, that when a free missionary came along present-

that when a free missionary came along, present-ing spiritual privileges of all kinds so cheap, he should have engaged the attention and sympathy of the natives. We must also give a brief history of the preacher, and his appearance; and for this, suffice it to say that he came down the river in a flat-boat from the Wabash, in the interior of

house for the services to be held in, and on Sanday morning, Brother Zeke rigged himself up in his finest tackle, his Sanday's best, and rolled up to the place where prayer was (not) wont to be made. His dress consisted of a pair

of Kentucky jeans pants, very much too short, and fitting tight to the skin; a corduror vest; red neck-cloth, and a bine-cloth coat, the style of which reaches far back to a by-gone period that knows no recent date.

The collar was stiffly braced with buckram and

the collar was stilly braced with one ram and coarse flannel, and monated up very nearly to the top of his head—the skirts projected below the calves of his legs, and set off each other, like the prongs of a boot-jack. These were the leading features of the the costume, the whole tout-ensemble and personnel of the flat-boat apostle of the flat-

presenting the extreme converse and opposite of our modern Shanghai gentlemen. Rising in the pulpit, he delivered himself as follows:

I may say to you, my breethring, that I am not an edecated man, an' I am not one of them as b'leeves that edecation is necessary for a gospel minister, for I b'leeve the Lord edecates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edecated, an' though I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the State of Indianny, whar I live, thar, s no man as gits a higger congergation nor what I gits.

gits.

That may be some here to-day, my breethring, Thar may be some here to-day, my breethring, as don't know what persuasion I am nv. Well, I may say to you, my breethring, that I'm a Hardshell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like Hard-shell Baptists, but I'd ruther have a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my breethring, dressed up in these fine clothes; you must think I was proud; but I'm not proud, my breethring; an' although I've been a preacher of the gospel for twenty year, an' although I'm capting of the flat boat that lies at your landing, I am not proud, my breethring.

I am not proud, my breethring.
I'm not a gwine to tell you adzactly whar my
text may be found; suffice it to say, it's in the
leds of the Bible, an' you'll find it somewhar between the fust chapter of the Book of Generations
and the last chapter of the Book of Revolutions,

and the last chapter of the Book of Revolutions, and of you'll go and sarch the Scriptures as I have sarched the Scriptures, you'll not only find my text that, but a good many other texes as will do you good to read; and my text, when you shall find it, you shall find it to read thus:

"And he played on a harp of a thousand strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck."

My text, breethring, leads me to speak of sperits. Now thar's a great many kinds uv sperits in the world—in the fust place thar's the sperits called ghosts, and then thar's the sperits of turpentine, and thar's the sperits as some folks call called ghosts, and then that's the sperits of turpentine, and thar's the sperits as some folks call
liquor, an' I've got as good an artikel uv them
kind uv sperits on my flat boat as was ever fotch
down the Mississippi; but thar's a great many
other kind of sperits, for as the text says:

"He played on a harp of a thousand strings—
sperits uv just men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind of sperits as is meant
in the text: it's fire! Them's the kind of sperits
as is is meant in the text, my breethring. Now
thar's a great many kinds uv fire in the world.

thar's a great many kinds uv fire in the world.

In the first place, thar's the common sort of fire you light your pipe with, and then thar's the fox-fire, and camphire, fire before you're ready, and fire and fall back, and many other kinds of

fire, for the text says:
"He played on a harp of a thousand strings sperits uv just men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind uv fire as is meant in the text, my breethring-it's hellfire-an that's the kind ny fire as a great many ny you'

come to ef you don't do better nor what you have been doin', fur-"He's played on a barp of a thousand strings sperits uv just men made perfeck."

Now the different sorts uv fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions uv

Christians in the world: Christians in the world:

In the fust place, we have the 'Piscapaleyuus, and they're a high-sailin' and a hifaintin set, and they may be likened unto a turkey-buzzard, that flies up in the air, and he goes up and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger-nail, an' the fust thing you know he kums down an'down, and is fillin' himself on the karkiss uv a dead hous by the side or the road and.

hose by the side up the road, and—
"He's played on a harp of a thousand strings erits uv just men made perfeck."
And then thar's the Methelis', and they ma And then thar's the Methelis', and they may be likened unto the squirrel, runnin' up into a tree, for the Methelis' b'leeves in gwine on from one degree of grace to another, and finally on to perfecshun, and the squirrel goes up and up, and up and up, and be jumps from limb to limb, and from branch to branch, and the fast thing you have be fell and down. know he falls, and down he comes kerflumux and that's like the Methedis', for they is allers a

and that's like the Methedis', for they is allors a falliu' from grace-ah, and—
"He's played on a harp of a thousand strings—
sperits av just men made perfeck."

And then, my breethring, that's the Baptist-ah, and they have been likened unto a possum on a simmon tree, and the thunders may roll, and the yarth may quake, but that possum clings thar still-ah' ard you may shake all his feet loose, and he claps his tail round the limb, and he clings, and clings forever, for—
"He's played on a harp of a thousand strings—
sperits uv just men made perfeck."—Brandon (Miss.) Republican.

NEVER put children to bed with a reproof for any of that da-'s sins of omission or commission. Take any other time but bed time for that. If any of that da's sins of omission or commission. Take any other time but bed time for that. If you ever heard a little creature sighing or solbing in its sleep, you could never do this. Seal their eyelids with a kiss and a blessing. The time will come all too soon when they will lay their heads on their pillows without either. Then let them have this sweet memory of a happy childhood, of which no future sorrow or trouble can rob them. Give them their rosy youth; nur need this involve wild license. The judicious parent will not mistake my meaning. If you have ever met the man or woman whose eyes have suddenly filled when a little child has crept trustingly to its mother's breast, you may have seen one in whose childhood's home dignity and severity stood where love and pity should have been. Too much indulgence has ruined thousands of children; but too much love not one.—Fanny Fers.

THEY have arrested a man in Nevada, for leas-ing his wife by the mouth, to the highest bidder.

WHOLE NUMBER, 965.

MASONRY.

Genius of Masonry, descend,
And with thee bring thy spetless train;
Constant our sacred rites steend,
While we adore thy peaceful reign;
Bring with thee Virtue, brightest maid,
Bring love, bring tretts, bring friendship
While social mirth shall lend her aid,
To smooth the wrinkled brow of care.

Come Charity, with goodness crowned, Encircled in thy heavenly robe, Diffuse thy blessings all around, To every corner of the globe. See where she comes, with power to bless, With open hand and tender heart, Which, wounded, feels at man's distress, And blessls at every human smart.

Envy may every ill devise.

And falseheed be thy deadlight foo;
Thou. Friendship, still shalt to seeing rise,
And sink thine adversaries low;
Thy well-tenti pile shalt beng endere,
Through rolling years preserve its prime;
Upon a rock it stands secure.
And braves the rude assaults of time.

Ye happy few, who here extend,
In perfect lines, from east to west,
With fervent zeal the Losige defend,
And look its servets in each brenst;
Since ye are met open the square,
Bid love and friendship jointly reign,
Be peace and harmony your care.
Nor break the adamantine chain.

Behold the planets, how they more. Yet keep due order as they run;

Yet keep due order as they run; Then imitate the stars above. And shine respleadent as the sun; That future Maseus, when they meet, May all our glorious deeds reheare, And say, their fathers were so great. That they adorned the universe.

"THEM 'ERE LEGS."

A distinguished public speaker not long since the Hoosier State, tied up at Waterproof, gave them to understand that he was a preacher, and they, not having had anything in that line for several years, thought it would be a favorable opportunity to take a benefit, and as Brother Zeke seemed to be rather on the verdant order, they expected to have a little amusement mixed up with the exercises. The b'hoys rustled up a house for the services to be held in, and on Sanday morning, Brother Zeke rigged himself up in his finest tackle, his Sanday's best, and

It seems that an adventurous son of the State mentioned, born and matured among the monn-tains, went down to the city of Memphis, to "seek his fortune." He found instead, a com-plaint which the Mississippi water not unfre-quently generates, and which, whether it finds speedy termination in the cramps of cholera, or whether it gradually saps life in the chronic form, is always to be dreaded. It was in this little, shape that poor Bagley "picked it up," and month after month it tugged at his vitals, reducing him day by day, until at length he was but the outlines of a man, a mere peripatotic

A worthy minister marked the poor fellow, and seeing that the king of terrors had "spot-ted" him, determined to call on him, and offer spiritual consolation. It never occurred to him that the ears of any man born in a Christian country, could be entirely unfamiliar with the verbiage by which spiritual subjects are com-monly approached. He, therefore, after some kind inquiries about the ravages the disease was accomplishing in Bagley's system, broached the

"My dear Bagley, in view of

important topic somewhat thus:

"My dear Bagley, in view of your relations with this life, how do you feel!"

"D—d sick," was the prompt reply.

"Don't swear, my poor friend," said the parson; "and let me earnestly ask you it you exert think of your latter end!"

"Lord!" said Bagley, "I haven't thought on nothing else for more than three months."

"Not, I'm afraid, in the right way, Mr. Bagley. I beg you to pause and reflect. It is time you begin to wrestle with the Lord!"

The sick man looked down at the miserable, callless, poker legs, extending before him, and with an ineffable expression of amusement in his countenance, exclaimed:

his countenance, exclaimed:
"Rustle with the Lord! What! with them 'ere legs!' pointing to his own. "Why, parson, he'd first me into hell, the very first pass!"

The record in the case does not discloss whether the parson continued his efforts on so obtase an intellect; but we think the inference very fair,

that so tough a customer survived even th "Mississippi water complaint."

Within thirty days from to-day there will be Within thirty days from to-day there will be many deaths which might be prevented by warmer clothing. Many a fatal case of dysentery is caused by the want of a woolen undershirt, or of an extra blanket at night. The sudden changes of temperature which occur at this season of the year are very trying to the constitution. People with weak lungs quickly feel the effect of them. Frequently the thermometer falls many degrees within a few hours. Not only the feeble, but robust and strong persons suffer from such great variations of temperature. When the weather grows cold rapidly, the pores of the skin are suddenly closed, and the result frequently is a bad cold, which may hold on all winter, and terminate in consumption, or a fatal attack of dysentery, or that dreadful disease, the typhoid fever.

If the day seems ever so warm and bright, it is much safer to wear plenty of under-clothing is much safer to wear plenty of under-clothing at this season. In the evenings the dews fall, and it grows chilly very suddenly. At all times, even when it feels the warmest, one experiences the difference which is so marked, between the antumn atmosphere and that of the summer. There is something more than the mere differ-ence in temperature; it may be in the electrici-

ence in temperature; it may be in the electricity. An occasional fire in a room dries the walls and purifies the atmosphere. A little timely attention to all these things would prevent a great deal of the disease and suffering which are among the ills to which humanity is liable.

There are many ready-made coffins at the cabinet shops and undertakers'—little, short, tiny coffins—which are going to be filled up soon by little children—some of hem as awast, beautiful children as anybody's but your own; and just to think of it, these coffins might be left empty, and the little children might be left in their homes to play and frolic, and make those bomes bright, if only warm shoes and stockings, which keep little feet dry, and warm clothes and soft woolen blankets were more plenty.

Do not bother yourself to hunt up a missionary. Be sure that whenever you send a pair of warm shoes to a needy little child, a goodenough missionary, though you do not see him, always

missionary, though you do not see him, always travels inside of them. In warming feet and warming bodies you warm hearts also; and be

sides, it warms your own hearts to do this.

If the physician of the Board of Health would omit some of his technical, scientific terms, and give the people intelligible, timely advice on these subjects, he might not appear as learned as now, but would not his services be more useful!—N. Y. Sus.

A Pathetic Picture.

George William Curtis paints the following pathetic picture, which every one could wish were less true to nature: "I think of many a said eyed woman who seems never to have smiled, who struggled with hard hands, through melting heat and pinching cold, to hold at buy poverty and want, that hovered like wolves about an ever increasing flock of children. How it was scour in the morning, serub at night, and scold all day long! How care blarred the window like a cloud hiding a lovely landscape! How anxiety souried at her heels, dogging her like a cur! How little she knew, or carel, that bobolishs, drunk with hilthe idleness, tamblet and sang in the meadows below, that the earth was telling the time of year with flowers in the woods above. As I think of these things, of the tacitarm husband coming in heavy with aleep, too weary to read, to talk, to think, I do not wonder that mad houses are so richly recruited from the farm houses as the statistics show. George William Curtis paints the following

THE church is God's jewelry—His workin, house, where His jewels are polished for His part ace; and those He especially esfesses and mean to make most respications, He hath of coest His tools upon them.

HALF the sorrows of women would be aver if they could express the speech they know a to be useless—nay, the speech they had reco-ed not to siter.